King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe resoluing witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse *Dorset*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor is abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meene borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?

Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies,

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemyes.
Foes to my rest that my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

And soone lie rid you from the feare of
King. Thou singst sweete musicke, C
Go by that token, rise and lend thine ea
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee and preferre thee t
Tir. Tis done my good Lord.
King. Shall wee heare from thee *Tirre*
Tir. Yea my good Lord.
Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in
The late demand that you did sound m
King. Well let that passe *Dorset* is fl
Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.
King. Stanley, he is your wiues sonne
Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my
For which your honor and your faith
The Earledome of Herford and the m
The which you promised I should po
King. Stanley looke to your wife, if t
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answer
Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to
King. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should b
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish
A King perhaps, perhaps,
Buc. My Lord.
King. How chance the prophet could
Haue told me I being by, that I shoul
Buc. My Lord, your promise for the
King. Richmond, When last I was at
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the C
And called it Rugemount, at which na
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once
I should not liue long after I saw *Rich*
Buc. My Lord.
King. I whats a clocke?
Buc: I am thus bold to put your gra
Of what you promisde me.
King. Well but whats a clocke?
Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)